Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

THE ELECTRIC ORGAN.

Sir,—During my sojourn in Paris I had many opportunities of trying the large electric organ, built for the Church of St. Augustin by Mr. Barker (inventor of the pneumatic lever.)

The touch of the organ is something exquisite, and the application of electricity has already been pronounced a most complete success. To give a slight idea what an electric organ really is, I may briefly state that the whole organ action, known as such, existing in a regular organ, *is entirely dispensed with,* and that the only connection existing between the keys, draw-stops, etc., and the organ itself, is made by lines of insulated wire. Mr. Barker's invention is patented both in France and England; and the sole right of applying the electric action in England has been ceded to Messrs. Bryceson Brothers & Co., of Stanhope street, Easton Road, who are now constructing a large organ on this principle, upon which recitals will be given whilst at their factory.

Augustus L. Tamplin.

A SOLUTION WANTED.

The following note was sent by an eminent physician of Brooklyn, to the members of his class. What the intention of the learned gentleman was, will be clearly understood by those who can decipher the epistle. We do not presume to offer a translation, but shall be glad to hear from our readers who may be able to unravel its occult meaning. The note reads thus:—

"*Sciens, Socialité, Sobrieté.*"

Doctores! Ducum nex Monde nitu. Panes; triticum at ait. ~~Expectu meta fumen tu te &~~ eta beta pi. Super attento uno. Dux, hamor clam pati, sum parates, homine, ices, jam, Sideror hoc. "Festo resonan floas sole."

Noo Ebor, Sept. 20, '67.

A London Street Singer.—Some years ago a mysterious paragraph went the round of the press to the effect that a young and beautiful woman made her appearance every night at 10 o'clock, in one of the west-end squares, and that after a superb vocal display she disappeared, no one knew how or where, exactly as the clock struck 11. The *Sunday Times* professed to give special and exclusive particulars of this anonymous nightingale, as she was termed, and even went so far as to hint broadly that she was a celebrated vocalist married to a penniless lord, who took this novel mode of enlarging an insufficient income. Of course this piece of family history proved to be an invention. I had the good fortune to hear her once in Berkeley Square. Seeing a large crowd waiting in an expectant attitude just where a fashionable hotel is located, I inquired the cause, and was told that the mysterious vocalist, the nightingale, was about to show herself. As the clock struck 10, a lady dressed in deep mourning, and having the upper part of her face concealed by a thick black veil, glided forward and took her place in the centre of a space purposely kept clear for her. I decided, from noticing the beautiful formation of the mouth and chin, and the finely rounded fair throat, that she must be both young and more than commonly attractive. She was accompanied by a little boy, also in deep mourning, who carried an open reticule. Without delay, the nightingale commenced a ballad, and sang with such surpassing taste and feeling as to hold the miscellaneous crowd in mute and rapt attention. The song was followed by several favorite *scenas* from popular operas, all exhibiting the talent and culture of an accomplished artist. A collection was made; few gave coppers—all who could afford it gave silver. The little boy sent in his bag to the hotel, the balcony of which was crowded with visitors, and it was returned apparently heavy with precious coin. The sum total must have been considerable, and this, I was informed, was the usual reward of the hour's work. When eleven struck the unknown stopped her song, made a slight curtsey, and threaded her way quickly through the crowd. Her real story, I afterwards learned, was a pitiful one. She was the daughter of a celebrated teacher of music, and had been educated for the stage. She married, against the wishes of her parents, a clerk in the post office, who, being detected in the then one unpardonable sin of uttering a forged bank note, was tried, convicted and hanged. With three helpless infants, and no means of earning a sufficient income, the bereaved young wife adopted the plan of making her fine voice and scientific attainments furnish the means of subsistence. The close of this story is more hopeful. Her beauty, misfortunes and accomplishments attracted the attention of a clergyman in one of the eastern counties. He married her, and she disappeared forever from public view.

SCRAPS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Said Rothschild, one day: "If you see a Swiss banker throw himself out of the window, throw yourself out immediately after him! You may be sure there's fifty per cent. to be gained."

To wait for somebody who never comes; to lie in bed unable to sleep; to serve well, and not to please! says an Italian proverb, are three things to die of.

Apropos of the vanity of authors, we recall the following anecdote of Barthe, a French poet of the last century. A young poet had written an ode in his honor, and as Barthe, like Ovid, had written an "Art of Loving," the ode began with these words:

"O Barthe, thou conqueror of Ovid!"

Barthe's modesty at once took offence at this word "conqueror." The author insisted, Barthe argued—finally the word "rival" was substituted, and the young author concluded the recital of his poem. Barthe instead of praising him, seemed buried in thought; finally, however, issuing from his reverie, said he, very seriously: "I have been thinking the matter over, and taking into consideration the metre of your verse; we will leave the original word 'conqueror' as written by you, it is decidedly more harmonious.

He is the unhappiest of men who thinks himself so, for unhappiness depends less upon what we suffer, than upon the impatience and fretfulness with which we augment our misery.—*Fénélon.*

I never heard of any true affection,
But 'twas nipt with care;
That like the caterpillar,
Eats the leaves of the Spring's sweetest book—
The Rose! *Middleton.*

Honest men are the soft easy cushions
On which rogues repose and fatten.
Shakespeare.

Mr. Charles Kunkel, the well-known composer and pianist, has been in the city for the few past days. He has long been the leading pianist and professor of the West, residing chiefly in Cincinnati. We have only had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Kunkel once, but we find him a most accomplished pianist and composer. He has a fine, clear, vigorous touch, great brilliance and distinctness of execution; in short, his technique is admirable. He has much force and bravoura, he emphasises boldly, and displays character, grace, sentiment and finish. He should be heard in this city, for he is an artist of high merit.

Munich.—Herr Max Zenger has just completed an opera entiled *Ruy Blas.* It will be produced ere long at Mannheim.

Gotha.—Herr Stiehl's operetta, *Jery und Bätely,* is in rehearsal and will shortly be produced.

Leipsic.—17th Gewandhaus Concert: Suite No. 4, Lachner (conducted by the composer;) Violin Concerto, A minor, No. 5, Molique (Herr Ferdinand Laub;) Air from *Don Juan,* Mozart (Mad. Jauner-Krall.)—Concert of the Dilettanti Orchestral Association: Symphony in D major, Mozart; March from the *Midsummer Night's Dream,* Mendelssohn; "*Die Tageszeiten,*" Robert Volkmann, arranged for piano by R. Schöneck.—Ninth Concert of the Euterpe Association: Symphony in G major, Haydn; Violin Concerto, in A minor, No. 5, Molique (Her Auer;) Chorus for female voices from *Blanche de Provence,* Cherubini; Solos for Violin, Spohr and Auer; and overture to *Leonore,* No. 3, Beethoven.

Rome.—A new opera by Signor Cagnoni has just been successfully produced. It is entitled *La Tombola.* The libretto is very comic, and the music resembles that of *Don Bucefalo.*

"There are many learned people at Rome, are there not?" said Milton to a Roman. "Not so many as when you were there!" responded the courteous Italian.

If any one speak ill of thee, flee home to thine own conscience and examine thy heart; if thou be guilty, it is a just correction; if not guilty, it is a fair instruction. Make use of both; so shalt thou distil honey out of gall, and of an open enemy make a secret friend. —*Quarles.*

Dresden.—Herr Friedrich Grützmacher has just returned from a professional tour through Holland. He played with great success in Rotterdam, Amsterdam, Utrecht, Arnheim, Leyden, and the Hague. At Leyden, he took part in one of the grand University Concerts. At the conclusion of his last solo performance, which was vociferously applauded, he was created by the chairman of the concerts, (who ascended into the orchestra for the purpose,) an honorary member of the Academical Musical Association, his diploma being then handed him in the midst of a flourish of drums and trumpets, and a perfect storm of cheers from the assembled students.

Gounod's "Romeo and Juliette" is being performed everywhere in Europe, and everywhere they sigh for a "veritable" Juliette; and they sigh in vain, for if a dramatic Juliet fulfilling every natural and artistic requirement is a rarity, where shall we look for one who shall thoroughly satisfy us lyrically? And Opera mournfully echos, "And Romeo too! and Romeo too!"